

GEOFFREY FINDS A BIKE



TESSA YATES





'Hello! My name is Geoffrey
and I just found this bike.'

'It's big and red and shiny,
it's what I really like.'

'I like to ride it really fast,

and fly it down the hill.

I like to ride it standing up,

this bike is really brill.'

'Hey look at me! I found a bike!
I found a bike today!
Who wants to go and have some fun?
Who wants to come and play?'

But Geoffrey's eager whimpering
just rustles in the trees.
He cycles off to find a friend,
his ears flap in the breeze.



He

HOLLERS

here,

BELLOWS

there,



but wind drowns out the sound.

And then a gust comes really hard...

...and knocks him to the ground!

So poor old Geoffrey huddles up,
his neck rests on his bum.
He dreams a dream that one day soon
he'll find a cycling chum.

A storm is building quickly now
as Geoffrey takes a rest.
And blows a little *stronger* still,
'it's coming from the west.





'The wind breathes life into the bike



and of its own free will,



the wheels start turning round and round,



and roll it down the hill!



'Hello my name is Glenda
and I just found this bike!
'It's big and red and shiny,
it's what I really like.'



'and cycle on one wheel.'

'I like to ride this bike so much,
it really is ideal.'



'But there is something that I miss
when riding on my bike.
Another friend to cycle with
is what I'd *really* like.'

'I love to ride it
with no arms.'



Back up the hill,

WHERE IS



MY BIKE?

he wildly hunts around.

'I'm sure I left it here but now,



it's nowhere



to be



found!

So Geoffrey searches...

down
the
hill,

where all the leaves had blown.

'I had a very funny dream
it cycled on its own.'

'Aha!' A wheel! I found my bike!
sings Geoffrey with a laugh.



'I worried maybe it had found...'

**ANOTHER
BIKE
GIRAFFE!**



'Oh hi, I see you found my bike,'
he mumbles with a grin.



'I think you'll find I found it first,'
she isn't giving in.

'Perhaps we ride it one by one and each will take a turn?'



But this is very tiresome, the cyclists quickly learn.



'Perhaps we both
should sit it out.'

'And leave the
bike alone?'

'But this is even *more* mundane!'
the cyclists jointly groan.



As Geoffrey sits and has a sulk the wind blows at his scarf
He doesn't hear above the breeze...

ANOTHER

bike Giraffe!

'Oh wow!
I see you found my bike!
I left it by a tree.
I knew some kind of
magic force
would bring it back to me.'

'It's *our* bike now, it came to us.'

'No way, that's just insane.'

But while they're busy fighting, it...

...rolls

down

the

hill

again!



'Look what you've done!'

'No, it was you!'

'No stop!
It was the weather!
I think it's trying to tell us...'



'... we'll have more fun **together!**'

They

BASH

and

BENO

and

BLITZ

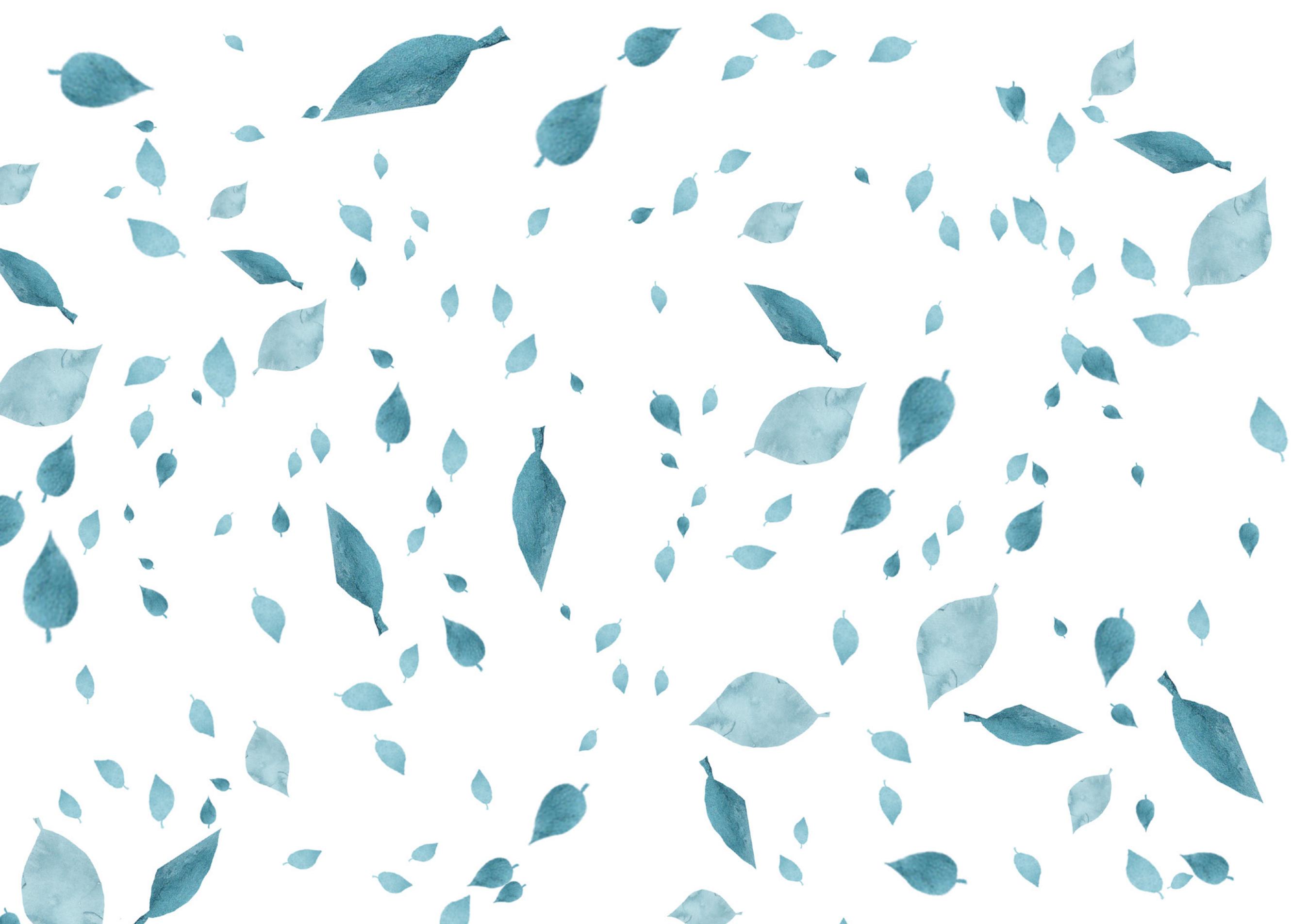
the parts,
each has a specialty.

They take this useless
bike for one...



and
make a
bike
for
three.





Geoffrey loves his big-red-shiny bicycle,
but wishes he had a friend to freewheel with.
The wind brings him a biking buddy,
but can two giraffes ride one bike?



Tessa Yates is an author and illustrator
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She makes books about choosing happiness,
no matter what happens.